healthy, had itself discovered and prescribed against a temporary attack of the most dangerous form of romantics. After a convalescence of six years I may well be permitted to collect these same writings and publish them as a second volume of *Human, Ail-too Human.* Perhaps, if surveyed together, they will more clearly and effectively teach their lesson— a lesson of health that may be recommended as a *disciplina voluntatis* to the more intellectual natures of the rising generation. Here speaks a pessimist who has often leaped out of his skin but has always returned into it, thus,®a pessimist with goodwill towards pessimism—-at all events a romanticist no longer. And has not a pessimist, who possesses this serpentine knack of changing his skin, the right to read a lecture to our pessimists of to-day, who are one and all still in the toils of romanticism ? Or at , least to show them how it is—done ?

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It was then, in fact, high time to bid farewell, and I soon received proof. Richard Wagner, who seemed all-conquering, but was in reality only a decayed and despairing romantic, suddenly collapsed, helpless and broken, before the Christian Cross. . . . Was there not a sirig-c German with eyes in his head and sympathy in his heart for this appalling spectacle ? Was I the only one whom he caused—suffering? In any case, the unexpected event illumined for me in one lightning flash theplace that I had abandoned, and also the horror that is felt by every one who is unconscious of a great danger until he has passed